

SEVEN-IN-A-ROW WYCOMBE INSPIRED BY CLIFF TROTT

By ARGUS

Dulwich Hamlet 1,
Wycombe Wanderers 2

[If seven-wins-in-a-row Wycombe keep this pace up, Champion Hill, home of proud Dulwich Hamlet, may well have seen the new Isthmian League champions on Saturday. A goal down at half-time to the dashing Dulwich teenagers, the Wanderers came back the hard way in the second period.

Spurred by industrious Cliff Trott, Wycombe hammered away to a modest odd-goal win. The victory margin ought to have been much greater.

Hamlet could never subdue eager-beaver Trott who, with Paul Bates controlled by the excellent Dulwich pivot, Skipper, was spearhead, big gun and forager all at the same time.

But it was full-back John Beck, who made the winning goal, ten minutes from the final whistle. Emergency-man Beck shook Dulwich with a quick sprint down the wing, a flashing corner-flag dribble and a powerful centre. Completely taken by surprise, Skipper tried to hook clear but only succeeded in ramming the ball past Darvill.

This was an arrow of outrageous fortune from which Hamlet never recovered.

A MOCKERY

It was a great pity that Wycombe had to win this way but any other result would have been a mockery. Although they matched Wycombe's superior experience with boyish enthusiasm, Dulwich were lucky to be ahead at the break and distinctly fortunate to be on terms mid-way through the second half.

If the Wanderers' forwards had been carrying some of that devastating cup-tie dynamite about with them the result would never have been in doubt.

By using wingers Jack Tomlin and Michael Rockell more adroitly in the second half, Wycombe carved plenty of gaps in the Dulwich defence but some spectacular shooting gaffs cost precious goals.

IMPRESSIVE

After some early qualms against the fast young Hamlet forwards Wycombe's rearguard played with impressive composure.

Straddling the middle, John Fisher was virtually unbeatable in the air and hardly less so on the ground, while wing half Ron Fryer was again the complete craftsman. Tough Jimmy Truett, third man of the Wycombe half-back line, was again "right in the groove" with his tackling.

Of two steady, unruffled full backs, Jimmy Moring showed his usual canny sense of anticipation while John Beck, hero of the grandstand finish, survived a first half bad time against brilliant young Terry Vail and kept a cool head. Behind them, Dennis Syrett was eagle-eyed and safe as ever.

GREAT GOAL

Unlucky-with-injuries Dulwich—one of their players fell down a ship's hold and hurt himself before the game—soon set the pace but Wycombe easily rode the early punches and settled down to a probing attack on the Hamlet goal. Trott forced Dar-

vill to drop the ball in a hot challenge and then Howson, sprinting goalwards, just failed to turn a shrewd Bates pass into the net.

In the ninth minute three of the Hamlet "kids" schemed a great goal. Tolson flashed the ball across field to Vail, the winger centered smoothly and Mike Clay leapt high to punch the ball past Syrett with a swift header.

Retaliation came quickly but Wycombe failed to crack a close knit defence. Tomlin went close with a flying drive, just as he was injured and tackled, and Trott menaced continually.

TROTT ROBBED

When Bates fastened onto a bad clearance by Darvill, the ball was filched off Trott's toe as Cliff was taking aim and it was Trott again, and then Bates, who had determined drives charged down in the Hamlet goalmouth.

Continual Wycombe pressure should have produced two or three goals once the second half began. The famous pink and blue shirts seemed to be wilting but full back Merritt stood defiantly on the goal-line to keep out a Bates header and then Bates, the defence dazed by a Trott onslaught, blazed a good chance over the bar.

More misses and then Trott, in the thick of the battle as always, rammed in an authoritative drive to level the scores. The game was as good and as fast as ever it had been in the first half but it was the Wanderers who were monopolising the ball.

Playing with more bite as well as method, Wycombe pressed for the winner and Beck, seeing a half chance, made it. On and on went white-shirted Wanderers. A stocky questing figure twice burst through the gathering darkness to send Darvill scurrying in his goalmouth. Who—why Cliff Trott, of course, man of the match!